*Ser.* Up.
*Rom.* Whither? to supper?
*Ser.* To our house.
*Rom.* Whose house?
*Ser.* My Masters.
*Rom.* Indeed I should have askt you that before.
*Ser.* Now Ile tell you without asking: My Master is the great rich *Capulet*, & if you be not of the house of *Mountagues*, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry.
*Ben.* At this same ancient feast of *Capulets*,
Sups the faire *Rosaline* whom thou so lovest,
With all the admired beauties of *Verona*:
Goe thither, and with unattainted eye
Compare her face with some that I shall shew,
And I will make thee thinke thy swan a crow.
*Rom.* When the devout Religion of mine eye,
Maintaines such falshood, then turne teares to fire,
And these who often drown'd could never dye,
Transparent Heretickes be burnt for liars.
One fairer than my love! th' all-seeing Sun
Ne're saw her match, since first the world begun.
*Ben.* Tut, you saw her faire none else being by,
Her selfe pois'd with her selfe in either eye:
But in that Chrystall scales let there be waigh'd,
Your Ladies love against some other maide
That I will shew you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant shew well that now shewes best.
*Ro.* Ile goe along no such sight to be showne,
But to rejoice in splendor of mine owne.

*Enter* Capulets *Wife and Nurse.*

*Wife.* Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to mee.
Nurse. *Now by my maiden-head at twelve yeeres old I had her: come, what Lamb, what Lady-bird, God forbid: Where's thu Girle? what* Juliet. *Enter* Juliet.
*Juli.* How now? who calls?
Nurse. *Your Mother.*
*Juli.* Madam I am here, what is your will?

*Wife.*



*Wife.* This is the matter. Nurse give leave a while, we must talke in secret. Nurse come backe againe, I have remembred me, thou'se heare our counsell. Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.
Nurse. *Faith I can tell her age unto an houre.*
*Wife.* Shee's not foureteene.
Nurse. *'Ile lay fourteene of my teeth, and yet to my teene be it spoken, I have but foure, shee's not foureteene. How long is it now to* Lammas tide?
*Wife.* A fortnight and odde dayes.
Nurse. *Even or odd, of all daies in the yeer come* Lammas *Eve at night shall she be fourteen.* Susan *and she, God rest all Christian soules, were of an age. Well,* Susan *is with God, she was too good for me. But, as I said, on* Lammas *Eve at night shall she be fourteen, then shall shee marry, I remember it well. 'Tis since the Earthquake now eleven yeeres; and she was wean'd, I never shall forget it, of all the dayes in the yeere upon that day: for I had then laid wormewood to my dug, sitting in the Sun under the Dove-house wall: my Lord and you were then at* Mantua, *nay I doe beare a braine. But, as I said, when it did taste the wormewood on the nipple of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty foole to see it teachie, and fall out with the dug: Shake quoth the dove-house, 'twas no need I trow to bid me trudge: and since that time it is eleven yeeres, for then she could stand alone, nay by th' rood shee could have run and wadled all about: for even the day before she broke her brow, and then my husband, God be with his soule, a was a merry man, took up the child, yea, quoth he, doest thou fall upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not* Jule? *and by my holidam the pretty wretch left crying and said, I: to see now how a jest shall come about. I warrant and I shall live a thousand yeeres I never should forget it: wilt thou not* Jule, *quoth he? and pretty foole it stinted and said, I.*
*Old La.* Enough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.
Nurse. *Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to thinke it should leave crying and say, I, & yet I warrant it had on it brow a bump as big as a young cockrels stone, a perillous knock, & it cried bitterly: yea, quoth my husband, fall'st upon thy face, thou wilt fall*

 *back-*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22326) LONDON, 1637 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.58) Octavo